

## A SLUMBER SONG

FOR THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD

**F**URL your sail, my little boatie;  
Here 's the haven, still and deep,  
Where the dreaming tides, in-streaming,  
Up the channel creep.  
See, the sunset breeze is dying;  
Hark, the plover, landward flying,  
Softly down the twilight eryl;g;  
Come to anchor, little boatie,  
In the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,  
Roaring waves are white with foam;  
Ships are striving, onward driving,  
Day and night they roam.  
Father 's at the deep-sea trawling,